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## Second Star to the Right



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### Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Sliding along the halls of middle school. My life currently. I am the lone wolf. An orphaned lone wolf. I have learned not to trust anyone. You will only end up getting hurt.

It happened that day. The day I came home from school on a warm spring day and found out that my parents had died in a car crash. The warm spring day wasn't so warm anymore.

I was placed in an orphanage. The beds were hard, the showers were cold, and the food was stale. Everyone has a dull look in their eye. No wonder, considering the reason why we are here.

I was the only one from the orphanage who goes to a normal school. Privileges of a genius-level intellect. Not much of a privilege in my opinion.

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I walked out the doors of Alderwood Middle School. Girls with hundreds of pounds of makeup on clustered in their cliques. I can feel stares directed at me. Whispering is heard everywhere. Their are some pretty strange rumors about me.

I'm just glad that school's over.

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I sat on the hard bed in my tiny room. When I mean tiny I mean really tiny. Like 6 feet by 6 feet or something. Which is good already. I mean, some orphanages just have a humongous room filled with a thousand cots.

I stared out the window, at the night sky. The stars blinked coldly down at me. My life really was crap. If only my parents were still here. I sighed, and found myself thinking aloud.

"I wish I can just get out of this stupid place and stupid reality..."

I lay down on my bed, and proceeded to stare at the ceiling.

Something landed outside my window. It opened and went through my window. I sat up.

A strange boy with flaming red hair, green clothes, and a dagger at his side, was grinning at me.

I screamed.

I through a my hard pillow at the strange boy.

"WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?!"

"I thought that you wanted to get out of this place. By the way, what does "the heck" mean?"

I stared at him. He seemed strangely familiar. All of a sudden, a fairy appeared from behind him and sat on his shoulder. My brain clicked.

"A-A-A-AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! Y-yo-you're..."

"Peter Pan. That's me."

"You're not real!"

He looked offended. "That hurts. I'm standing in front of you right now."

My gaze flitted to the fairy sitting on his shoulder. She looked real all right. She was also glaring down at me. I hadn't done anything.

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"Then I'm dreaming."

He zoomed in and pinched me. Extremely hard.

"There. Not a dream."

"Ow! What was that for?!"

Fine. Either he's real or I've gone crazy. Maybe the lone wolf life is affecting my brain. But I'll play along, even if it's my own hallucinations.

"So? What are you doing here?"

"What's your name?"

"Alex Warbler."

"Okay, then, Alex Warbler, want to come to Neverland with me?"

"Say what?!"

He flew into the air. "It'll be fun!"

I actually considered this. "How are we going to get there?" Then I realized. Stupid me. We fly, of course.

"We fly, of course."

"Weeeeelll..." When I think about it, why not? I mean, my life pretty much sucks right now. What's the harm? And he seemed to be real.

"Sure! Why not?"

A huge grin formed on his face. "All right!"

He grabbed the fairy Tinker Bell and shook her over my head. The fairy dust settled all over me.

I started floating into the air. I'm kind of new at this flying thing. I quickly lost control and desperately reached out to grab something. I saw Peter.

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I scrabbled at him, screaming. Then I felt tiny fingers prying at my fingers wrapped around Peter's arm. After taking off my hands, Tinker Bell flew into

my face, yelling at me in her tinkling voice. I had no idea what she was saying, but I had an idea.

"Look, Tinker Bell, I'm not going to be your love rival or anything, got it?"

Peter looked at the fairy. "Tink, stop it."

Tink went to the window and sulked.

"Come on!" Peter grabbed my hand and pulled me out the window.

The cool wind rushed in my face. I was flying!

Peter gave me one of his mischievous grins. Then he let go of my hand. I wasn't prepared and let out a scream.

The wind buffeted me and I spiraled out of control. I started in a nosedive toward the street. I yelled at Peter to help me, but he just did one those infuriating grins and shook his head. I flailed in the air, trying to gain control. I was going to crash. I braced myself for the impact, which would have killed me, but at the last second, on instinct, I thrust out my arms to my sides. Instantly, I stopped going down and I gained control.

I climbed into the air. I swooped. I wove between buildings. I looped and spiraled in the sky.

I was free. I laughed with pure joy and exhilaration. Something I haven't done for a long, long time.

Peter appeared beside me. "See? Knew you could do it."

He indicated a star in the sky with his finger.

"Second star to the right, straight on till morning."

I smiled.

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